HEAVY HOURS.

Written by the late Lord LYTTLETON.

THE Heavy Hours are almoſt paſt,
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at laſt
Their only wiſh to ſee:
But how, my DELIA, will you meet
The man you've loſt ſo long?
Will love in all your pulſes beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is yet the ſame,
And heal each idly anxious care,
Our fears in abſence frame?
Thus, DELIA, thus I paint the ſcene,
When we ſhall ſhortly meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time the cheat.

But if the dream that ſoothes my mind
Does falſe and groundleſs prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;
All I of Venus aſk is this,
No more to let us join,
But grant me here the flattering bliſs,
To die and think thee mine.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.